Poppa Was a Playa

Nas

To My Nigga who brought me in this world
Taught us right NiggaMy old dad imported to the family structure
Provide her God
My moms a queen at university civaliza
My pops maybe was late but always came home
My moms would put us to bed and she would wait on
Soon as he walk in the door she barking
I turned out the Johnny Carson
Jumped out the bed
We grabbed both his legs
Me and my brother
Not knowing the pain he gave my mother
Night after night, fighting yelling at each other
My papa played the street all day
Mama was either home, at work, while we played inside the hall way
She sacrifices all she got to feed us
When she was alone she cried by the phone pepping out the window heeding
But still I didn't see it
Mama hid it from us
We was kids younger
Till we got bigger, on to
Bigger things that we knew what the time was
That daddy was leaving the crib and moms lovePapa was player, player wasn't papa
Papa loved the ladies
Never got enough of
Pretty brown round
Running round town (Shhhhh)
Don't tell your mother what's going down
Papa was player, player wasn't papa
Papa loved the ladies
Never got enough of
Pretty brown round
Running round town (Shhhhh)
Don't tell your mother what's going downSo many kids I knew, never knew what Pap was
That's why I show my pop love
He was still around when I fucked up
He could have left
My moms pregnant shock to death but stayed
Watch me crawl till I took my first step, to the first grade

To my first fist fight
Right behind me he would stand
No matter how big or tall he made me fight you like a man
Throw dirt in your eye, swing my right scoop your ass and slam
He watched me so I wouldn't get jumped by shorty's fam
Roaches and weed all over my crib him and moms relaxing
Next thing you know he packing
So then I asked him
What's this white shit on that plate and your facing?
Papa why you butt ass from the waist
And who's this lady I'm facing
Dark skin you're not my mommy
He grabbed me up to run some smooth words by me
Promise things that he would buy me
If I kept my mouth close and don't tell mommy
He said one day I'll understand little me
Was in you to side mePapa was player, player wasn't papa
Papa loved the ladies
Never got enough of
Pretty brown round
Running round town (Shhhhh)
Don't tell your mother what's going down
Papa was player, player wasn't papa
Papa loved the ladies
Never got enough of
Pretty brown round
Running round town (Shhhhh)
Don't tell your mother what's going downPop's told me hold my own
Pop's told me value home
Could I help it papa was a rolling stone
Who loved the pretty brown round
Out of town bound
Jumping in his jazz Benz he touring
At home I play his latest recordings
And it's strange now how, I do my thing now
I'm in the game now
And heard of it his brain pow
To pull strings and gain power
From weed habits are same now
No white lines to trumpets to tight rhymes
And beats that be pumping
Before he left he taught me something
A child's young years the most important time to be there
That's why he stayed till we grew up, respect is still here
I'm older now see what having a father's about

One day they can be in your life next day they be out
It's not because of you, you know the deal
Him and your moms feel
If they stay together then someone will get killed
I love you still
Always will
Cause that's my nigger
Although you felt you was wrong
I still feel you kid
Life goes on

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